

If you want to rent a house, sell a house or trade one—or buy, sell or exchange anything—advertise it in The Herald Want ad. Column.

Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER.
Unsettled with showers tonight or Thursday.

VOL. 6—NO. 12.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1911.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

WILL NOT RAISE WATER RATES

CITY COUNCIL DETERMINE THAT IT HAS NO LEGAL RIGHT TO MAKE CHANGES IN FRANCHISE ALREADY GRANTED—COMMITTEE REPORT IS CONCURRING IN.

MEETING HELD LAST NIGHT

The city council will not grant the request of the Greencastle Water Works Co., that the water rates in Greencastle be raised. A few weeks ago, the Water Works Co., in a lengthy petition submitted to the council alleged that the company as operated under the present franchise was losing money and asked that the council agree upon a raise in rates.

The council met with the secretary and general manager of the company Mr McCullum and dismissed the question with him. The matter was then referred to the council as a committee on the whole. Tuesday night the report of the committee was submitted to the council in regular meeting.

The report of the committee recommended that the council not grant the request of the Water Works Co. The committee in its report stated that it believed that the city council has no legal right to grant the request; the rates having previously been fixed and the franchise accepted by the Water Works Co. The Water Works Co., in its request for a raise in rates threatened

to have the water company thrown into the hands of the bankruptcy court in case the raise was not granted.

This was the most important business taken up by the council last night. M. F. Collier was granted the privilege of improving his property at 418 Anderson street. The bond of the Greencastle Gas Co., required under its new franchise, was accepted and the following claim ordinance was passed:

Claim Ordinance.	
J. D. Cutler, streets	24.75
Mark McGruder, streets	17.60
Rufus Davis, streets	16.40
Mose Boone, streets	16.00
Jim Smith, streets	10.20
Spear Pitman, broken stone	4.20
Fire Department.	
Geo. Ensign, salary	27.50
Oliver D. Sewall, salary	27.50
Geo. Williams, salary	27.50
Geo. F. Williamson, salary	27.50
Police Department.	
Arthur Stone, salary	27.50
Fire Department.	
E. W. Stout, repairs	2.60
Clay O'Hair, hay	13.44
Chas. W. Savage, oil	1.55
Miscellaneous.	
H. M. Smith, printing	68.60
C. H. Barnaby, lumber	22.68

The Putnam County Fanciers Association has employed through Henry O'Hair its secretary, Judge W. W. Zike, of Morristown, Ind., to judge the next show to be held at Greencastle Dec. 25th to 30th, 1911. All poultry fanciers take notice. Now is the time to begin for winning the blue ribbons.

The class of 1907 G. H. S. will meet with Miss Lenore Webb at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening instead of Friday evening.

Eighth Grade Entertainment. Seats can now be reserved at Cook's Drug store. The gallery will be reserved at 15 and 20 cents respectively. No general admission.

GRADUATES OF COUNTY SCHOOLS

SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS HAS FINISHING GRADING EXAMINATION PAPERS AND ANNOUNCES NAMES OF THOSE WHO WILL RECEIVE DIPLOMAS.

NOT AS MANY AS USUAL

Superintendent Thomas has finished grading and marking the examination papers of the several graduating classes of the county common and high schools and has completed the lists of those who will graduate. The class this year is somewhat smaller than usual. The grades, taken as a whole, are a little higher than the usual average grade. The following are the names of those who will graduate from the common schools and the high schools of the county:

HIGH SCHOOLS.

Clinton Township.
Hazel Sigler
Roy Porter.
Laura Holland.
LeVina Clodfelter.
Golda Newgent.
Theresa Lloyd.
Mae Love.
Halla Watts.

Floyd Township.

Zella Jean Garrett.
Franklin Township.
James Warbritton.
John Williams.
Mary Park.
Lillian Darnall.
W. R. Gillen.
Rosa Crooke.
Athal Bridges.
James Goaldin.
Chas. Young.

Jackson Township.

Josephine Bullon.
Tressie L. Richardson.
Wm. Elsberry.
Bertha Galbreath.
Viola Mills.
Elbert Hinkle.
John Case.
Merle Patrick.
Joseph Rooker.

Jefferson Township.

Mary E. Albin.
Dennis Vermillion.
Garnet Vermillion.
Cecil S. Stringer.
Hancil H. Grimes.
Hubert Sellar.

Madison Township.

Audus E. Gardner.
Marion Township.
Emma Day.
Loyal Rector.
Ethel Ferrand.
Lola Rector.
Claude Coffin.
Horace Storm.

B. H. Canada.

Mill Creek Township.
Leslie Prichard.
Nettie Allee.
Gladys Sallust.
Virlyn Broadstreet.

Monroe Township.

Leota Gregory.
Lena Anderson.
Grace Leachman.
Floissie D. Foster.
Foster Wimmer.
Harry Ragsdale.

Minor H. Pickett.

Martha E. Gardner.
Edith Hurst.
Russell Township.
Margery M. Fordice.
Hazel Byrd.

Warren Township.

Ollie Braun.
Marjorie Perry.
George Williams.
Wayne Hughes.
Washington Township.
Audra Bond.

Mary Hinote.
Lee Sears.
Chas. Aker.
Edward Chew.
Rachel Logan.
Elizabeth Ozmert.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

Clinton Township.
Verna Lloyd.
Roy Newgent.
Vern Sigler.
Roscoe Call.

(Continued on Page Four.)

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

Charley Brooks.
Mr. C. F. Cooper—(2).
Mr. Forest J. Frank.
Mr. Ott D Rhorer.
Mr. John S. Taylor.
John Vanhook.
Mr. J. H. Vanhook.
Mrs. James Willis.
Miss Katie Williams.
A. O. LOCKRIDGE, P. M.

Among the graduates of the county schools this year are two children who might be termed phenomons. One, Esthel Stroube, a pupil of the Madison township common school, will graduate with this year's class at the age of 11 years. The other probably has a better record than that. He is Joseph Rooker, of New Maysville. The lad is thirteen years old and this year will receive a diploma from the high school at that town.

MANY BIDDERS FOR SQUARE CONTRACT

AT LEAST SEVEN FIRMS WILL TRY AND GET THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT OF THE SQUARE WORK.

MAY USE A STEAM SHOVEL

That there will be more bidders for the proposed improvement of the square than bid on the work before, is the opinion of City Engineer Lane. There were five contracting firms bid on the work when first advertised, but all were rejected. The bids were rejected as none were as low as the cost of the work, as estimated by Mr. Lane.

It is believed that each of the five firms, which first bid on the work, will make a second bid for it. Besides these five bids, several others are expected to bid for the contract. Two Terre Haute men were here Tuesday and stated that they would bid for the work. These men stated that if they got the contract, a steam shovel would be used to take up the old surface of the streets. Friday night was set for the hearing of bids.

RUSHING WORK ON EAST WASHINGTON

LARGE FORCE OF MEN BUSY TEARING UP OLD SIDEWALKS AND MAKING CUTS AND FILLS—CONCRETE WORK TO START SOON.

TO USE A STEAM MIXER

The work of improving east Washington street is being pushed by Contractor Bergen. On account of the bad weather last week and the week before, the work was hindered. However, the fair weather of the past week has enabled Mr. Bergen to make up some of the lost time. A large force of men are busy taking up the old sidewalks, curbing, making the excavations and hauling the dirt to places where it is necessary to make higher. The work will be ready for the starting of the sidewalks in a few weeks. The old walks have been taken up on both sides of the street from the east end of the street, west to Bloomington street. Contractor Bergen stated Wednesday that a steam concrete mixer would be used so as to complete the work as soon as possible.

George Crawley left this morning on a short business trip in Indianapolis and Mooresville.

SIMS NOT HOME NIGHT OF MURDER

WIFE OF MAN ACCUSED OF MURDER OF OTIS HENDREN GIVES DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST THE PRISONER—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IS STRONG.

WOMAN IS NOW ON STAND

(Special to The Daily Herald.)
BRAZIL, Ind., April 25.—When the second day of the Sims murder case opened this morning the state resumed the examination of its witnesses and considerably strengthened the chain of circumstantial evidence, which it is weaving about the defendant Jesse (Casey) Sims, the local blacksmith. Witnesses for the state have testified that they saw Sims in Greencastle three or four hours after he claims to have returned to his home in this city and the cross-examination of the defense is having little effect in breaking down their stories.

Following up the testimony of Greencastle witnesses this morning who located Sims at Greencastle at as late as 9 o'clock on the night of the murder, the state this afternoon put the wife of the prisoner, from whom he has been separated for some time, on the stand and proved by her testimony that Sims was not at home on the night of the murder and that he did not return home until the following night. This evidence was very damaging to the defendant and unless the defense can break the woman's story down on cross examination it will count heavily against the defendant with the jury.

In order to remove the jury from all outside influence, Judge Rawley gave orders last evening that the members of the jury should be provided with sleeping quarters in the county jail until the end of the trial and that no one was to be permitted to approach them. Sheriff Nance has accordingly provided quarters for the jury at the jail and they are also being fed at that institution and every precaution is taken to see that no one talks to them on the subject of the murder.

The members of the jury are denied the privileges of reading the local papers for fear they should

read something concerning the trial which would tend to prejudice their minds for or against the defendant.

Mrs. Reeves, wife of one of the Greencastle officers, was a valuable witness for the state. Mrs. Reeves testified that her husband was away on the date and that she made two or three trips to the traction station to meet cars on which she expected her husband to return. Mrs. Reeves stated that she was about the traction station about 8 o'clock and saw Casey Sims on the platform of the station and that she saw him peer into the window of the ticket office where Hendren was at work.

The next witness for the state was Mrs. Bertha Sims, wife of the defendant, who is expected to be one of the strongest witnesses for the state. It was nearly 3:30 o'clock after the intermission this afternoon that Mrs. Sims was placed on the stand by the state to give damaging evidence against her husband.

It is probable that Mrs. Sims will be the last witness for the state and that the prosecution will rest on her testimony to connect together the strong claim of circumstantial evidence. It will require the balance of the day to complete the examination of Mrs. Sims and the defense will begin its side of the case in the morning. The defense will take up at least two days in introducing the testimony of character witnesses and also proving an alibi for the defendant and the rebuttal and argument will carry the trial on to Friday evening before it reaches the jury.

HANDKERCHIEF IS MUTE EVIDENCE AGAINST CASEY

Wife and Mother-in-Law of Man Accused of Murder of Otis Hendren, Identify the Blue Polkadot Piece, as Like One Used By the Prisoner.

BRAZIL, Ind., April 26.—More damaging evidence was introduced against Casey Sims, charged with the murder of Otis Hendren, this morning, when the prosecution continued the examination of Mrs. Sims, wife of Casey. The blue polkadot handkerchief found at the feet of Hendren on the night of the murder, was identified by Mrs. Sims as similar to the one used by her husband.

There are several small holes burned in the handkerchief and Mrs. Sims testified that many of Casey's handkerchiefs were burned in that manner, from sparks flying from the hot iron as he worked at his trade. Although Mrs. Sims (Continued on Page Four.)

SPRING FESTIVAL NUMBERS PLEASE

ADVANCE STUDENTS IN DePAUW MUSIC SCHOOL GIVE FIRST NUMBER OF THE SERIES—ARTISTIC ABILITY DISPLAYED.

HERIOT LEVY LAST NIGHT

DePauw's first annual music festival opened Tuesday afternoon with a concert given by students of the DePauw Music School. Selections were rendered with a beauty and power that was a distinct compliment to the high standard of the music school.

The first number—"The Song of the Rhinelanders," by seven pupils of Miss Oldfield was one of the most finished numbers on the program and showed accuracy in technique. A feature was a string quartet by Matthews, Pelham, Mann and Clark.

Misses Julia Day, of last year's graduation class, Leola Trueblood, Laura Towne, Imogene McLean, Alice Trout, and Mr. Shirley Rhea of this year's graduation class showed themselves to be capable representatives of the school in piano work while the vocal solos rendered by Miss Lois Illiff and Miss Iva Smith more than supplemented those of Mrs. McKerman, whose work exhibited remarkable breadth and poise.

A piano recital by Heriot Levy of Chicago Tuesday night was the second number of the Spring Festival of Music. A fair-sized audience was in attendance and thoroughly appreciated the work of the pianist. One characteristic of Mr. Levy's playing, which especially marked and which was particularly enjoyed by all, was the ease with which he played. The most difficult passages he rendered without any exertion, but this ease in rendition did not in any way detract from his execution and expression. If any numbers could be said to have been appreciated more than any others, they would be his own "Menuett" and a "Staccato Study" by Rubenstein. All of Mr. Levy's work was characterized by a wealth of expression and richness of tone which marks him as a real musician.

We Can Fit Any Foot That Enters Our Store



We are able to fit all kinds of feet, big and little, long and short, fat and slim, give you your preference too as to heels, tips, etc. Buttons, lace or blucher models in all dependable materials.

More Satisfactory
Than if "Made
to Measure"

There was a time when none but a custom shoe maker could give a perfect fit, but our wide range of sizes and widths in all of the favored styles, shapes and models enables us to fit you better and at less cost, that you would probably be fitted by a custom shoemaker. And our guarantee of satisfaction eliminates any possibility of disappointment.

PRICES \$2.00 TO \$4.00

Shoes for the 'Little Folks'

No amount of careful attention in after years can remedy the harm which may be thoughtlessly done to tender little feet during the period of their most rapid growth, when they readily shape themselves to the shoes into which they are confined. In our fitting of childrens shoes you may always rest assured that the child's foot will be studied and the item of growth provided for. You will get a neat fit, but a soft fit.

ALLEN BROS.

---ON THE SQUARE---

You Can't Afford to Miss It

At 5 O'Clock today Season Tickets for the last 3 Concerts of the

Spring Festival

can be reserved at Langdon's for

\$1.50

Artists Concert.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra Concert.

"The Rose Maiden"—sung by the large chorus accompanied by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

THE HERALD

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HIS NATURAL INFERENCE.

First Experience at Entertaining Nobility.

An English lord was traveling through this country with a small party of friends. At a farm house the owner invited the party to supper. The good housewife, while preparing the table, discovered that she was entertaining nobility, was overcome with surprise and elation. All seated at the table, scarcely a moment's peace did she grant her distinguished guest in her endeavor to serve and please him. It was "My lord, will you have some of this?" and "My lord, do try that." "Take a piece of this, my lord," until the meal was nearly finished.

The little four year old son of the family, heretofore unnoticed, during a moment of supreme quiet saw his lordship trying to reach the pickle dish, which was just out of his reach, and turning to his mother, said: "Say, ma, God wants a pickle."

—Argonaut.

He Didn't Mind.

A certain railway in Michigan has a station entitled Sawyer's Mills, but usually called, for short, Sawyer's.

A rural couple on one of the trains attracted much attention by their evident fondness for each other, until the brakeman thrust his head in the doorway of the car and called out "Sawyer! Sawyer!"

"Reuben!" suddenly assumed the perpendicular and indignantly exclaimed, "Well, I don't care if you did; we've been engaged three weeks."

Same Old Story.

The tram was crowded. Nevertheless, a very large foreigner and his wife pushed their way in. A young gentleman—a relic of a fast disappearing civilization—rose to give the lady his seat. The foreigner promptly flopped himself down into it, to the discomfort of those on both sides, leaving the lady standing.

"See here, sir," remonstrated the young gentleman, "I got up to give my seat to the lady, not to you."

"Ach! dat's all right. She's my wife!" was the placid response. And he kept the seat.

A Gentle Hint.

They were seated in the parlor, and there was a hitch in the conversation. He seemed a trifle nervous, and she seemed a trifle bored. Finally he said:

"What a lovely evening for a walk."

"Indeed it is," she replied.

"Would you like to take a walk?"

"Above all things," he assented, eagerly.

"Then why don't you?" she queried. And he did.—Chicago News.

Hard to Get At.

An English barrister, arguing before the criminal court, says answers, remarked with much solemnity to the presiding justice:

"My lord, there is honor among thieves."

The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea water," he replied. "But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

Not What They Seemed.

"Instead of being a millionaire," continued the young man at the seaside hotel to the beautiful heiress, "I think that it is only honest, now that we are engaged, for me to tell you that I am the shopwalker at Catchem & Skinnem's emporium."

"I thought there was something familiar about you," answered the beautiful heiress. "I am in the ribbon department there."—Judge.

Didn't Like the Name.

"What became of that woman's church that was started here a while ago?"

"Broke up in a row."

"What was the trouble?"

"Squabble about the distribution of offices. The deacons were elected all right, but not a single woman in the bunch would accept the office of elder."—Cleveland Leader.

Saved His Mother's Life.

"Four doctors had given me up," writes Mrs. Laura Gaines, of Avoca, La., "and my children and all my friends were looking for me to die, when my son insisted that I use Electric Bitters. I did so, and they have done me a world of good. I will always praise them."

Electric Bitters is a priceless blessing to women troubled with fainting and dizzy spells, backache, headache, weakness, debility, constipation or kidney disorders. Use them and gain new health, vigor and strength. They're guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Only 50c at the Owl Drug Store.

The Wolf

An unshaven face appeared at the hedge opening. The eyes were small and shifty, the hair short and coarse. The owner of the face was lying on the grass in the shadows. He had been asleep and an unusual sound awakened him.

He was ragged and coarse and unkempt. His face was pale—save where the stubby beard covered it—and its paler seemed unwholesome.

He was just out of prison. He had been there nearly five years, and his crime was burglary. They had given him a little money when he left the prison, but that was soon gone. It was the drink that took most of it. Now he was a vagabond, a tramp and he would soon drift back into crime. There seemed to be nothing else left for him. Garbed as he was, the prison seal upon him, he had no right to expect decent employment.

He had been out of prison two weeks and in that time had made no effort to secure work. He loitered along the highway, getting food where he could and sleeping 'neath the sky.

It was the laughter of a child that awakened him. At first, being confused with sleep, he didn't know what it was. Then he heard it again and crept to the hedge opening and peered through. He saw a beautifully kept lawn with thick hedges bordering it, and at one side a summer home with a wide porch. There were vines and roses about the porch and the place had an air of wealth and refinement.

Close to the hedge, some twenty feet away from the opening, a boy was playing. He was a handsome little fellow of barely five years, prettily dressed and with an intelligent face.

The skulker in the hedge watched him with lowering look. The child represented the class with which he was at war. The laws were made by this prattler's father and his kind too oppress unfortunates. If he, the vagabond, had a child, would he be like this petter youngster?

The man made a queer noise in his throat. It was meant for a laugh. He hadn't laughed in so long a time that the effort almost hurt him. His child would be in rags, his playground an alley where he would pick up his first lessons in the school of crime. Why should this be so? It was unjust. Why should half the world toil and suffer that the other half might live in ease and comfort?

The boy had a wooden Noah's ark on wheels and he was martailing the animals on the sod before him. It was their unsteadiness on the insecure footing that made him laugh. With much care he arranged them in line, but the unwieldy elephant toppled over and dragged the others with him. And the boy laughed again. A sudden desire for companionship seized the man—even the companionship of a child. He crawled through the opening and seated himself on the grass.

"Hello, son," he said.

The boy looked up.

"Hello," he answered. The child showed no surprise and no dread. The big brown eyes regarded him for an instant and then turned back to the cargo of the ark.

The man was pleased at this. Shabby and uncouth as he was he had not alarmed the child.

"Big family you got there, son," he said.

"Very naughty family," the boy returned. "They don't ston' up nice. Dess tample over ever' time. See?"

And the line toppled and wavered and went down.

"That was the elephant's fault," said the vagabond. "His tusks hooked that brown one there in front of him."

The boy picked up the fallen animal.

"At a wolf," he said. "It's nose is bwooken des a little." He looked at the block in his hand with a commiserating air. Then he stared up at the vagabond. "Ooo looks somefin' like a wolf," he said.

The vagabond slowly smiled and his strong teeth shone.

"That's what I am," he answered. He liked the title. "I'm a wolf all right."

But neither his tone nor his fierce face frightened the lad.

"Oo is much too big to put in my ark," he laughed. "Dere is only dess room for little wolfy. Oo doesn't see Cap'n Noah nowhere, does oo?"

The vagabond looked about the grass, crawling on hands and knees, but the missing block could not be found.

"Maybe Noah got drowned," he suggested.

"No," said the boy. "I fink dat naughty tiker eated him. See how fat he is."

He laughed as he held up the striped block and the man laughed, too.

The boy began to reload the boat. "Poor Cap'n Noah, he's gone," he said in a pathetic tone, "an' Shem is gone, and somebody has bwoken off de wabbit's ears, an' I tant find de tamel no more. Pittey bad, ain't it?"

"Very bad," said the vagabond. "I'm sorry I can't make myself look like a camel, too."

"Oo isn't nuffin like a camel," said the boy emphatically. "Oo is des a wolf. Tammels has humps on dere backs an' wolfs have sharp teeth. Will oo play horse?"

The vagabond nodded and the boy

produced a cord and the man put it about his shoulders.

"Being a wolf," he said, "I can't be expected to play horse as it should be played."

"Who!" cried the boy as he caught up the cord. "Now be a dood horse an' tach a hold of de wagon."

Much to his surprise the man found himself doing what he was told to do. For five years he had been doing what he was told to do, but all ways unwillingly. This was different. He caught up the tongue of the wagon and started toward the house, the boy dancing about behind him with many "whoas" and "dit-aps." Leap and prancing—to the intense delight of the driver—the vagabond had almost reached the porch, when a tall man suddenly appeared on the upper step.

The vagabond stopped and stared. The man was looking down at him and his gray eyes seemed very keen and bright.

The vagabond knew him—did he know the vagabond? They had held the same relative positions before—the gray eyed man and the unhappy criminal. Then the gray eyes had searched his face as they were searching it now. For this was the judge and this the burglar.

The vagabond drew a quick breath. He was growing restive under that keen gaze.

"There, Davie," said the gray eyed man, "take your playthings into the house. Mamma wants you."

The boy came close to the vagabond as he drew away the cord. He patted him lightly on the arm.

"He ain't really a horse, daddy," said the child. "He's a wolf."

The vagabond, still held by that earnest gaze, slowly nodded, as if to confirm the child's words.

"Run in, laddie," said the tall man, and the child, with the ark in his arms, laughingly obeyed. "Sit here, Rodney."

The vagabond stared at the tall man. How he had hated him! How he had longed to throttle him when he pronounced that five-year sentence! And this judge, with his smooth cheeks and his fine airs, was another representative of the class with which he, the vagabond, had been eternally at odds. He hesitated, then took the proffered chair.

"You know me, then?" he muttered.

"Yes, Rodney, I remember some faces. What are you doing?"

"Guess you can tell by lookin' at me," retorted the vagabond. His tone was harsh, his manner sullen. "I'm what the boy called me—a wolf. I prowled along the roadway, an' I eat the bones that are thrown to me." The tall man shook his head.

"Is that the best you can do, Rodney?"

"It's the best I can do until I get back to the old life. That'll be pretty soon now."

Again the tall man shook his head. "I heard good reports from you," he said. "They told me you could be trusted."

The sullen eyes were raised.

"Who takes any interest in a wolf like me?"

"More people than you imagine, no doubt. One of them was a good woman who saw you and talked with you in prison. She left a little money with me to give to you. She told me to say that she hoped it would help to start you on the right path—on the right path, Rodney."

"Few paths are open to me," growled the vagabond.

But he was affected for all his assumed hardness.

"I meant to send this money to you in time, Rodney, but they let you out sooner than I expected. I will find the good woman's letter presently. It is fortunate that your steps were turned this way."

His words were kind, his voice gentle.

The vagabond looked up. His mouth twitched, his gaze drooped. These were the first kind words he had heard since he passed through the prison gates. And they came from the man who had burned him with that five-year sentence.

"If you'll let me have what you say is intended for me, I'll go," he hoarsely muttered.

"Not yet, Rodney. You are in no hurry. Have you any trade?"

"I know somethin' about locksmithin' in. But what's the use? If I got a job I'd lose it again soon as they found out I was a jailbird. An' some body's sure to come along an' know me."

The judge drew a quick breath.

"It's a small world, Rodney," he said, "and the people who know things to our discredit seem to be great travelers. Do you understand anything about gardening?"

"When I was a boy I was two years at a reform farm an' they did garden in 'there."

The tall man leaned forward.

"How would you like to stay here and look after this place?" he asked.

The vagabond stared.

"Do you mean it?" he hoarsely demanded.

"Yes."

"But you know me?"

"Yes."

"You know my record?"

"Yes."

"Then how—how can you trust me?"

The judge slowly smiled.

"I knew there is something good in you," he slowly said. "There's something good in the worst of men. But the good in you is nearer the surface. A better judge than I am found it out. I mean the child." He paused and smiled. "When I saw you romping with Davie I realized that here was a man who was worth whatever help I could give him. When I saw that the boy had no fear of you, that he liked

you and treated you as a companion, I felt that I could trust you—trust you and help you."

The vagabond sat and twirled his battered hat. His eyes were hidden. It was some little time before he looked up. The judge was standing with his hand outstretched.

The vagabond hesitated. He looked about him as if he thought of running away. Then he took a step forward and clasped his grimy hand about the firm white one.

"God bless you!" he murmured.

A childish laugh rang out from the hallway.

"Here I am, Mister Wolf," cried the boy. "Tan oo see me?"

So the vagabond, decently clad and cleanly shaved, found employment. The work was not difficult and he did it well. He was the boy's faithful guardian. The judge trusted him implicitly and he never was tempted to take advantage of his many opportunities. Gradually he lost the prison air. His face brightened. His eyes were no longer shifty.

Then one morning he called his employer away from the porch.

"Judge," he said, when they were at a little distance from the house, "I'm in trouble."

The keen eyes watched him closely.

"Well, Rodney?"

"I've been found out?"

"Yes."

"An old pal saw me here."

"Well?"

"He thinks I'm lying low for a purpose."

"There was no use telling him it wasn't so. He wouldn't believe me. He knew me before, you see. He was a good pal. He pulled me out of the water once."

"Go on, Rodney."

"He thinks I'm layin' low here so as to get a chance to loot the house an' he wants a share in it."

"I see."

The man hesitated.

"It's bad enough to have some fellow you don't care for come up an' say 'you're a jailbird,' but it's harder to have a pal find you."

"I can understand that."

The man drew a quick breath.

"Judge," he said, "look me in the eyes an' say 'Rodney, I trust you.'"

The judge did not smile and the look from his gray eyes was steady.

"Rodney," he said, "I trust you."

Then the man abruptly turned away.

That night the judge was suddenly awakened. He listened intently. He heard muffled voices from below the window. He sprang from the bed. Before he could reach the window a pistol shot rang out and this was followed by the sound of running feet.

The judge leaned across the sill and peered into the darkness.

"Are you there, Rodney?"

"Yes, judge."

"What was it?"

"A drunken prowler fired his pistol to frighten me."

"You are all right?"

"Yes, judge. Good night."

The next morning early the judge looked about for Rodney. He found him in the barn bandaging his arm.

"What's this, Rodney?"

"Just a flesh wound, sir. The bullet raked my arm. Jim came here expectin' my help. He couldn't understand why I stopped him. When I held him back he got ugly—he has a very quick temper—an' the gun went off."

"We must have that arm properly dressed," said the judge quickly. "Is it painful?"

"Not nearly so painful as the thought of havin' an' old pal shoot me." He looked up quickly. "There's one thing that's sure, judge. I can't stay here."

The judge nodded.

"Yes, Rodney. You're quite right. And I've found a place to send you. It's out in Nevada, where I have a brother. I've written him all about you. Past records don't count among the miners. They're all on an equal footing there. Brother Tom will give you a welcome and find you work."

The man nodded.

"Thank you, judge. That's the place for me."

The judge slowly smiled.

"I have said that they were all on a common footing there, Rodney, but there is one thing you mustn't fail to bear in mind."

"And what's that, judge?"

"You mustn't forget that you are a man, now, and not a wolf."—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Church Built from One Tree.

A congregation at Santa Rosa, Cal., rejoices in the fact that it worships in a church which has been built from a single redwood tree. The main building of the church is eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and, in addition, there are an audience room large enough to seat four hundred persons, another room seating ninety, a pastor's study, and the usual offices. Every bit of the church, even to the shingles on the roof, was made from the wood of a single tree, and yet when the edifice was completed, there was an abundant store of timber left over. It has been estimated by scientific men that this giant redwood tree was no less than two thousand years old.

Radio-Telegraphy and Balloons.

The German military authorities are experimenting with the application of wireless telegraphy to balloons carrying self-registering apparatus. One object is to make the balloons descend at any desired moment. This is effected by placing in the balloon a receiver of electric waves connected with mechanism controlling a valve. When a wireless message is received the valve opens, and the balloon descends.

Do You Spoil Your Children?

ENEATH the hands of the sculptor the marble grows to living shapes that hold the world in thrall, and so beneath the passing years is the marble of our childish lives hewn into the deeds of manhood, but it is the mother hand that molds the clay from which unfinished idea the final figure is made.

If the clay represents an imperfect ideal, if it lacks the spur and the soul of greatness, all the glimmering white of the marble will not make up for the loss, and that is why the fleeting impressions made upon the flexible clay are so important to a sculptor, and why a mother's hand should be very wise and careful in molding the character of her boy or girl.

A few days ago a prominent man made the assertion that the woman who let her children coax her into giving way to them was preparing them for a future of bribery and corruption.

It is not a pleasant thought, is it? Yet to a great extent it is true, for only the recognition of authority and the law can make the men and women of tomorrow good citizens. And, after all, you know, while they may be our children first they are citizens of the state second, and upon them depends the standing of the nation in the coming years.

Of course it is hard to see the shadows of disappointment fall over their baby faces, hard to see their sweet lips quiver and the big eyes fill with tears. And it is, on the other hand, so delightfully easy to take back the "no" and substitute "yes," and see the joy flash into their faces, but after a few times of this parental "no" makes no impression upon the boy or girl.

They begin to realize that mother's word is not absolute and final. They protest, and coax and cry, and the lines of their lives are distorted, and even the great sculpture of life cannot remold them into fine men and women.

Few laws and simple laws should govern childish lives, but they should be as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians.

Don't make hasty decisions about things. But when once you have told your youngsters what is to be done or left undone do not change it.

Honesty, fairness and obedience are the three great things in life which make fine men and women, and those of you whose arms are about the wee throbbing bodies of your little children must set those three things higher than your love, if, when the passing years bring new thoughts and new ideals and new sorrows, you would have our boys and girls ready to face every situation fairly and serenely.

FRENCH CARPET DESIGNS

Among the new carpets of the year there are some which might have come down to us from the period of Louis XIV, so dainty are the designs and the combinations of shades and tints.

All the patterns are small, as may be expected of these French carpets, and the borders which have been as wide as five-eighths of a yard, are now 12 inches.

An especially pretty effect is gained in the two-toned carpets in gray, lavender, pink, etc. The delicate French gray, with a geometrical design in the light tone, is delightful, while the gray ground with a delicate lavender flower at intervals is almost too pretty for use.

Most of the French carpet comes in body Brussels, and while it is lovely in the dainty bedroom or boudoir, it may be used in almost any other room in the house.

The housekeeper who does not use matting in summer will hail these light carpets with delight as her warm winter floor covering.

The two-toned effects are steadily gaining in popularity, which their beauty and novelty certainly merit. In two shades of brown they are especially pretty, while for the colonial bedroom the carpet in two shades of blue is especially appropriate.

But no matter what colors are used in these French carpets, no glaring effects are shown, everything being subdued and soft.

Javelle Water Easily Made By Housewife

No housewife should be without her javelle water with which to remove obstinate ink or ink stains. This is made from one pound of sal soda, one-fourth pound of chloride of lime and two quarts of cold water.

These should be thoroughly mixed, let stand for several hours, drained, and the clear liquid bottled and kept in a cool place. The stain should first be wet with the javelle water and then rinsed well with cold water. Repeat, if necessary, and wash at last in ammonia and water.

Tailored Waists

The specialty shops are again showing plain tailored waists in fine French lawns, batistes and jilens, and in combinations of white and color.

Perfectly plain, except for a frill down the front and a few tucks across the front, these will appeal to the woman who must needs do her own ironing, but who yet can afford and who likes the daintily made waists.

COULD STAND ANOTHER.

They Were Not the Kind the Lady Had Referred To.

At Six Thirty Every Morning-- Hot from the Oven

Pocket Bank Rolls, Sweet Rolls, Pan Biscuits, Buns, Doughnuts, Home Made Pies, Cakes and Bread.

ZEIS & CO.

GROCERS AND BAKERS

PHONE 67.

---Don't Be Tempted---

Into Speculating, where One Man Wins, a Hundred Loses

Put your money into a Saving account with us. It will earn a fair rate of interest without any risk of losing it, you can withdraw any part of it when ever you like, it is always ready for you.

The Central Trust Co.

GRADUATES OF COUNTY SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page One)

Laura Phillips.
Lela Miller.
Jennie Boswell.

Cloverdale Township.
Georgia O. Dorsett.
Blanche O. Dorsett.
Frederick Rauk.
Courtney Dorsett.
Florence Vice.
Ethel Dunn.
Ray Evans.

Mill Creek.
Cecil Cummings.
James Kennedy.
Walter Jones.
Hazel Frazier.
Nerva Blue.

Floyd Township.
John Powell.
Lillie High.
Edith Mason.
Joe Bohannon.
Gladys Shepherd.
Guy Shepherd.
Louise Case.

Franklin Township.
Maudie Perkins.
Henry Higgins.
Irmond Hays.
Pearle Hartman.
Harry Burdett.
Austin Shuee.
Anita Foshier.
Lettie Bridges.
Paul Crodian.
Carroll Coffman.
Lucile Woodrum.
Eugene Hutchins.
Carl Twigg.
Ralph Foshier.
Marguerite Pickel.
Ruth Newall.
Neal Everman.

Greencastle Township.
Clara Irene Sinclair.
Frances Coffman.
Nellie Browning.
Cecil Fisher.
Frank Turner.
William Grubb.
Frank Payne.
Helen G. Dietrich.
Frances Tucker.
Ralph Myers.
Jerome Welch.
Lillian Erwin.
Elnora K. Franklin.
Ray T. Eastham.

Jackson Township.
Carl Perkins.
George Simons.
Vina Wilson.
Jewell Jeffries.
Inora Stringer.
Claud Malayer.
Pearl Keck.
Ethel Dickerson.
Inez Dean.
Alva Bidgood.
Dorothy Wilson.
Tillet Dickerson.

Jefferson Township.
Anna Raikes.
Claude Raikes.
Clarence Wildman.
Upton Shaw.
Raymond Cox.
Rachel Albin.
Gertie A. Stringer.
Willis L. Vermillion.
Ada Hollingsworth.
James Hill.

Madison Township.
Blanche Frazier.

Dulce Torr.
Esther Stroube.
Agnes Torr.
Lottie Gardner.
Grace Ellis.
Smiley Irwin.
Okla Olan Johnson.

Helen Herriott.
Marion Township.
Lois McAninch.
Harold Pruitt.
Aaron Arnold.
Gwendoline Raines.
Artie Mable Ruark.
Bernice Buis.
Jessie O'Neal.
Cecil O'Brien.
Ezra Arnold.
Ethel M. Talbott.
Melvin Ruark.
Eddie H. Buis.
Fred Robinson.
Ethel Jackson.
Amy Newman.
Chancey Hubbard.
Lilly Siddons.

Monroe Township.
Dee Shoemaker.
Lillie Hinkle.
Alice Brown.
Ruth Wells.
Margaret Otha Brown.
Paul Wysong.
Lola Jackson.
Walter Huffman.
Ralph Priest.
Elva Price.
Mabel Flint.
Lola Edna Proctor.
Mary Anna Price.
Mae R. Wilkinson.
Marie Hanks.
Mary McKnight.
Harley Miller.
Paul Ford.
Nellie Rogers.
Tressie Mathews.
Agnes Curran.
Wilbur Priest.
Lettie Modlin.
Edna Johnson.
Clarence Etcheson.
Ross Tustison.

Russell Township.
Donald Webster.
Lonnie Myers.
Ernest McGaughey.
Robe McGaughey.
Teresa Gardner.
Reta McGaughey.
Mary Peters.
Ella Kelly.
Madge Gardner.
Carrie White.
Ruth Whitson.
Leland Pink.
Lloyd Scribner.
Dennis Smith.
Reuel Foster.
Donald Gimes.
Mary Hodshire.
Viva Anderson.

Warren Township.
Esta Crawley.
Blanche Atkins.
Fayne Cradick.
Bonnie Hurst.
Ethel Cooper.
Glenn Hurst.
Claude Glover.
Cecil Williams.
Marguerite Sublett.
Carrie Allee.
Elizabeth Stone.
Pearl Grimes.

Washington Township.
Oden Stout.
Maurice Skelton.
Mary Baumunk.
Kyle Smith.
Leonard Frost.
Vera Danberry.
Levi Aker.
Vanceve McCullough.
Glendon Rightsell.
Mabel Tharp.

Among the people from Greencastle who attended the third day of the Sims trial at Brazil Wednesday were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reeves, W. M. Sutherland, John James and James Maloney.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Helm, of Indianapolis, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dar Barnaby. Mrs. and Mrs. Barnaby are sisters.

Mrs. Frank Cagle and daughter, of Poland, were here today on business.

Jay Hand, of Brazil, was a Greencastle visitor today.

Campbell Gorham, who lives near Delmar, is critically ill.

Mrs. S. B. White, of Cameron, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hazelett. Mrs. White is a former Greencastle woman, formerly being Miss Chloe Frank of this town.

Mrs. Otto Lakin, of Coatesville, was a Greencastle visitor today.

E. B. Lynch went to Terre Haute on business this morning.

Sheriff Stroube was in Brazil to attend the trial of Casey Sims, who is charged with the murder of Otis Hendren, the interurban agent at this town.

Morton Springer, of Houston, Texas, is here for a two week's visit with relatives. Mr. Springer is a former Putnam county man.

There will be an interesting stereopticon lecture given in the Christian church on next Friday evening. The subject will be "The Making of An American." The address will be given by Joseph Keevil of New York. Every man woman and child in Greencastle ought to hear this. It is free.

James Vermilion was in Indianapolis on business today.

Charles Walter Brown, who has been here visiting his father-in-law, Col. Matson, left for his home in Chicago, today noon. Mr. Brown's mother of Chicago, will come Friday for a short visit here. Mrs. Charles Walter Brown and daughter will not return to Chicago until the first of next week.

Phineas Runyan, of Cloverdale, was here on business today.

Thomas McCollough, of Manhattan, was a Greencastle visitor today.

Miss Maud Biddle, who has been working for Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Taylor, was taken to her home about 6 miles south of town Wednesday on account of her being ill of measles.

Although there was no game scheduled for DePauw this afternoon, about noon today, Coach Tapp received a wire from the coach of the Hanover team asking for a game this afternoon. Coach Tapp accepted and the two teams were due to meet on McKee Field at 3:45 o'clock. Overman was slated to start the game for DePauw.

Mrs. Edward Stone, Mrs. John H. James, Mrs. Emmett Green and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lane went to Indianapolis this morning to attend a meeting of the Grand Chapter of Eastern Star.

Mrs. T. J. Brooks, of Bedford, will come tomorrow to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith. Judge Brooks will come Saturday and will spend Sunday here.

Mrs. E. E. Graves, of Quincy, was here this morning on her way to Indianapolis.

J. W. Talbott, of Obion, Tenn., who has been visiting relatives at Roachdale, was in Greencastle Wednesday on business. Mr. Talbott is a former Putnam county man.

It Pays to Spray

Spray your--

Hogs,
Horses,
Sheep,
Cattle,
Chickens,
Dog,
Hen House,
Stables.

Spray your

Orchard

It pays CASH dividends.

Ask any scientific agriculturist.

We handle all kinds of sprays

COOK'S West Side Drug Store

Wall Paper Cleaner

We have two of the best brands

Climax & Smoky City

Both are good.

Just the thing to clean Wall Paper, Calcimine and Fresco.

10c a Can.

OWL DRUG STORE

Mr. and Mrs. Earl O. Lane were in Indianapolis today.

F. M. Lyon was in Cloverdale today.

Robert Graham and Hubert Jordan were in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Marie Hoover Ellis, an artist pianist, of Chicago, will take part in the program of the Spring Festival, at Meharry Hall this evening. Mrs. Ellis is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hoover, of this city and is a graduate of DePauw university. She is well known here and has many friends in Greencastle.

After having been out only 15 minutes the jury in the case of the Central Trust Co., against Brown & Mathews of Bainbridge Tuesday returned a verdict in favor of Brown & Mathews. The Trust Co., as executors of the estate of Nathan Ader, deceased, was suing to determine whether Brown & Mathews had rented two business rooms in Bainbridge for a period of one year or three years. The jury found that Mr. Ader, before his death, had agreed to rent the rooms to the firm for a period of three years at a rental of \$15 a month.

The partial eclipse of the sun which is scheduled for April 28, will be visible in Greencastle and central Indiana about sunset, on that day, according to the information given out by Professor Cogshall, of Indiana university. If the weather is clear, the moon will be seen cutting across the southern edge of the sun and will darken a small portion of the disc for about thirty minutes. Scientists are looking forward to the eclipse of next October, when the moon will pass between the earth and the sun.

An exceptionally sad death was that of Mrs. Albert Coleman, of near Portland Mills, who died on Thursday afternoon, after suffering excruciating pain for several hours from serious burns. Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Coleman purchased some stove polish of a traveling salesman, and the following Thursday morning used some of it to brighten the heating stove. Mrs. Coleman then started to polish the kitchen range, when she accidentally spilled some of it on the stove. The polish evidently contained an explosive, and in a flash the fire from the combustion enveloped Mrs. Coleman, burning her clothing so dreadfully that the rubber combs in it were melted. Three fingers on her right hand were burned off and her body was frightfully mutilated. Dr. R. C. Peare, of Bellmore, was summoned, but there was then no hope of her recovery. Mrs. Coleman died at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Brief funeral services were held Friday and the body taken to Iowa for burial. She is survived by her husband and two sons.—Rockville Tribune.

Postmaster Lockridge has received no answer from the three petitions recently sent to the postal headquarters, at Washington, asking that the night clerk at the local postoffice, not be taken off. It is believed that the postal authorities will let the matter drop and that Greencastle will continue to have a night clerk. Should the night clerk be dispensed with, it would cause much delay in the mails received here during the night. There are twelve pouches of mail from as many different trains received here each night. Should the night clerk be done away this mail would lay in the postoffice all night and would not be distributed until late in the morning. Instead of being in the lock boxes, early in the morning, it would be between 10 and 11 o'clock before it was all sorted and each parcel put in its right place. Besides this the retarding of the sorting of the mail, would necessitate that the carriers start on their morning deliveries almost two hours later than they do under the present arrangement.

Mrs. Nellie Anderson has returned from a short visit in Indianapolis.

Professor Longden returned from a three day's visit in Indianapolis today.

The Pension Board met Wednesday in the office of Dr. W. M. McGaughey.

The county council met today to consider the matter of appropriating money to build a new bridge across White river at Waverly to take the place of the old covered bridge recently destroyed by fire. County Surveyor Blunk had prepared plans and specifications for a new bridge and they were discussed by the council men and county commissioners who met with them.—Martinsville Reporter.

TIME TO SPRAY APPLE TREES.

But Don't Spray at All Unless You Do It Thoroughly as Careless Work is a Loss.

Thad MacCulloch, the apple tree expert of Wabash College, whose articles recently attracted much favorable comment, says that this is the proper time to spray your apple trees. An application should be made at this time, when the leaves are coming out and before the fruit buds open, in order to prevent the attack of the scab fungus, the curculio, and the apple leaf mites. For this application use commercial lime-sulphur to forty parts of water. To this should be added arsenate of lead at the rate of three pounds to fifty gallons of the lime-sulphur solution. This mixture is a combined fungicide and insecticide, consequently it will prevent the attack of the above if it is applied properly.

"Remember," says Mr. McCulloch, "that thoroughness means success in orchard work. If you do not spray thoroughly it is a loss of time and money to spray at all. Always spray each limb until it drips. I would be very glad to advise anyone about different spray mixtures and spray outfits, or I will gladly examine your orchard for you and advise you as to what is most needed in it."

THE MONROE TOWNSHIP SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The Monroe Township Sunday School will hold its semi-annual convention in the Christian church at Bainbridge on Sunday, April 30, 1911. There will be both forenoon and afternoon sessions. Everybody is invited. Come and bring your dinners and spend the day with us. We want you to hear all the programme, as follows:

Forenoon at 10:30 o'clock.
Song by the congregation.
Scripture Reading—Rev. Frank Davidson.
Prayer—Rev. O. F. Lane.
Song by School.
10:45 a. m.—Review of Sabbath School Lesson—T. C. Grooms.
Discussion.
11:15 a. m.—Address by Mr. A. O. Lockridge.
11:45 a. m.—Song by class of girls.
Song by school.
Prayer by Mr. Joseph Collins.
12:00—Adjournment for dinner.
Afternoon.
1:15 p. m.—Song by the congregation.
Prayer by Rev. Frank Davidson.
Song by Junior Chorus.
1:30 p. m.—Address by Mr. John Snyder. Solo—Miss Ethel Ingerson.
2:00 p. m.—Address—Miss Martha Ridpath. Subject: "The Boys' Class." Song by Junior Chorus. Solo—Miss Gertrude Monnett.
3:15 p. m.—Address on organization and preparation—O. L. Jones.

PINCASTLE.

Mr. Eliza Brothers visited her daughter, Mrs. Ashby, at Roachdale the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Robbins were in Greencastle Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Leaton spent Saturday with her son at Roachdale.

Mrs. John Carter and children of Carpentersville, visited her parents here the latter part of the week.

Wallace Quinly and family of Ladoga, were Sunday visitors at T. L. Foshier's.

T. L. Grider and family visited in Roachdale Sunday.

Mrs. Jane Hartman is slowly improving.

Miss Sallie McGaughey of Indianapolis, visited her parents over Sunday.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulets will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them 25 cents.

Good Health Week!

Special Sale Of California Cluster Raisens

10c Per Box

—AT—

Phone 24.

E. A. Browning

Wall Paper

Has Your Wall Paper Become Soiled, Dingy and Old Fashioned?

We have bright, new, stylish and up-to-date Wall Papers, ranging in price from 5c, 6c, 7c and up to 25c. We have Wall Papers suitable for any room in the home.

Not only have we Wall Paper, but Stains, Varnishes, Paints, Mellotone, Oils, Kalsomine, Etc, for interior and exterior decorations. We want to show our line.

Jones, Stevens Co.

SIMS NOT HOME NIGHT OF MURDER

(Continued from Page One)

could not state positively that the handkerchief belonged to her husband, she stated that he had many handkerchiefs of that pattern and that she believed that the one found belonged to Casey.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Sims testified that Casey was not home on the night of the murder. Myrtle Kandel, a sister of Mrs. Sims was the next witness and she testified that she had been at the Sims home on the night of the murder and that Casey was not home at 10 o'clock, when she left.

She further testified that she had accompanied Mrs. Sims to the shop where Casey worked at the time of the Grand Jury investigation. Casey, she said, had sent for Mrs. Sims. He asked her if she had been summoned to appear before the Grand Jury and she told that she had not. "Well, they have mixed me up in that murder case," he said, "but I have friends and money, and can get witnesses to swear just what I want them to." He then asked his wife what she would testify to if she was summoned and she told him she would tell the truth. "If you swear to what I want you to, I'll pay your fare to Greencastle." Casey is alleged to have said "But if you won't, you'll have to look out for yourself."

Mrs. Jennie Freeman, mother of Mrs. Sims testified that she did most of the washing for Mr. and Mrs. Sims, and that the handkerchief with the several small holes burned in it found at the feet of Hendren, was like the ones she washed for Casey.

John Petit was the next and last witness introduced by the prosecution. Petit was in court under guard of a Terre Haute officer, he being under arrest there for larceny. Petit, who is an electrician, formerly lived just north of Greencastle. He testified that he was in the Perry saloon on the night of the murder and that Sims, came in the saloon and told the bartender that the traction agent had beat him out of \$4. Sims, he said, was intoxicated, and seemed excited. With this testimony the state closed its case and Judge McGregor, attorney for the state, turned over to Judge Rawley the handkerchief and bullet. As the bullet was handed to the Judge, Mrs. Hendren, who was seated near the Judge, broke down and her sobbing could be heard over the entire court room.

The evidence introduced by the state has been most damaging and has been greatly surprised at the strong case the state has made against Sims.

The defense opened its case with the evidence of O. T. Spear, an insurance agent, formerly of Greencastle, but now living in Terre Haute. He stated that he had been at the interurban station on the night of the murder and had collected some insurance from Hendren. He was at the station at near 9:15 o'clock and noticed a strange man, who appeared to be

sizing up the station. The man was tall. Spear stated that the man's actions caused both himself and Mr. Hendren to become suspicious. The man, Spears said, was not Sims.

Len VonCannon, an electrician from Terre Haute, testified that he came from Greencastle to Brazil on the afternoon of the murder on the 5:35 car and that Casey went to Brazil from Greencastle on that same car. Fred Grothe, a barber, testified that Casey was in his shop in Brazil between 6 and 7 o'clock on the evening of the murder.

PLEASANT VIEW.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reese and daughter spent Easter Sunday at Amo.

Jim Elliott and family spent Sunday at Jesse Elliott's.

Mrs. Ward Coleman is confined to her home by illness.

WANT AD. COLUMN.

WANTED—Carrier for Herald—Must be 16 years old and acquainted with Southeast Greencastle.

Seats for the Spring Festival go on sale Tuesday, April 18, at Langdon's at 1:30 p. m. Season tickets only will be reserved.

Money to loan on live stock and other good chattel security. Payments on the building loan plan and low interest rate. See the Home Loan Co., Greencastle, Ind., Phone 82.

WANTED TO BUY—Ten old feather beds. Phone 103.

Strawberry plants for sale—Seven varieties—50c a hundred—\$4 a 1000—J. A. Detrick, Greencastle, R. R. No. 4.

---AT---

The Lyric To-night

Film 1—"The Curse of the Red Man," a very pathetic drama taken from the Apache Indians of the far west; interesting and historical.

Illustrated Song
Film 2—"The Last Curtain," a beautiful drama showing a great actor on the evening of his last performance.

Film 3—"At Eventide," showing scenes on Lake Annear with the Alps forming the background. All are invited. Doors open at 6:30.

Admission 5cts.

BICYCLES and Bicycle Supplies

We carry the best make of Bicycles, Tires and Bicycle Sundries. Bicycle Repairing done by an Expert Repair Man. All work guaranteed.

Call and see us when in need of a Bicycle or Bicycle Repairs.

J. K. Langdon & Co.